

All Around Town

Miss Lettie Thatcher is visiting in Salt Lake City for a few days.

TWENTY CENTS A DOZEN PAIR FOR EGGS AT H. G. HAYBALL, MERC. CO.,

Miss Oreta Merrill has just returned home from a two weeks stay with relatives and friends in Idaho.

Sidney Stevens Implement Co., is headquarters for the best steel binding twine.

H. C. Hicks one of the editorial staff of the Provo Post is being urged to run for the legislature during the coming winter.

Miss Elaine Jeppsen leaves today for Banaroff, Idaho where she will visit for a short time with relatives and friends.

Mayor and Mrs. H. G. Hayball were called to Ogden Saturday morning on account of the serious illness of Mrs. Hayball's sister Mrs. W. H. White. At last reports she was a little better.

The Wilson, one of the leading Hotels of Salt Lake City, rates \$1.00 per day and upwards. Music during meal hours. Headquarters for Cache Valley people.

Newell Cornish of Mt. Home was in Logan yesterday preparatory to leaving for Snowflake, Arizona where he will again serve on the faculty of the Snowflake Academy.

The Logan Sixth ward Sunday School will give an entertainment in the meeting house on next Friday evening in honor of the retiring superintendency. The entertainment will consist of a musical program, and will commence at eight o'clock sharp. Dancing in the amusement hall.

Scowcroft Bros. business in Ogden is forging to the front. They do not confine themselves exclusively to the dry goods business. The knitting factory is proving a success under the able management of Elias Nielsen of this city. It is stated that they are two months behind with their orders. The firm is also enjoying a large trade in the line of men's and boys overalls. The present roll in this department shows seventy-five employees. The services of a first class expert from the east has been engaged to manage this line of the business.

Impressive funeral services were held in the Fourth ward chapel Sunday at noon over the remains of Annie Marie S. Lundberg, the aged wife of Christian Lundberg, who departed this life on the evening of August 14. Bishop Joseph Newbold was in charge of the services, and the ward choir furnished the music. The opening hymns were: "Though Deepening Trials Throng Your Way," and "Till the Resurrection Day." Consoling remarks were made by the following: George Cole, Emanuel Peterson, Orson Smith and Bishop Newbold. The closing hymn was "I Need Thee Every Hour." The floral offerings were profuse and beautiful. A large cortege followed the remains to its last resting place in the Logan cemetery.

HAIL INSURANCE

Hail insurance is the subject of a bulletin of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome. It is suggested that the best way to prevent losses from hail is by insurance, but that there is need of a great deal of work on the subject in the way of determining the rates, and that the matter should be made the subject of international investigation and agreement. In other words, hail insurance of the right source is a good thing. Most American hail insurance companies have done extremely well—in years when it didn't hail.

SUPPLY YOUR SOIL'S NEEDS.

How to tell the needs of the soil is a hard question. By observation of the growing crop something may be told. Lack of nitrogen tends to stunt the leaf organs, and excess of it to cause profuse leafage. Lack of potash causes deficiency in the stem organs. Plenty of potash in the case of flax, for instance, promotes the growth of an increased amount of fiber. Phosphorous is needed for the seeds. Of course, these elements are not distributed within strict limits, but these are the general lines of distribution. Where the crop or tree is short in any respect, or in any way excessive, it is well for the observing farmer to look into the case closely. An experiment plot will furnish real knowledge.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Thomas spent the week-end in Salt Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Israel Stewart spent the week end in Salt Lake City.

Dr. Ruckebrod, dentist, successor to Dr. Emeis. Phone 610 red.

Miss Alta Hammond is visiting in Salt Lake, guest of Miss Ruth Homer.

Mrs. Robert Murdock, Jr., and Miss La Vern Murdock are visiting in Salt Lake.

Miss Ida Smith returned home Sunday night from a pleasant visit in Salt Lake.

Mr. Fred Turner of the Uncle Sam's Cleanser company of Salt Lake is visiting in Logan.

Mrs. Florence Smith came home Saturday night from Salt Lake where she has spent the past two weeks.

Dr. W. B. Parkinson has moved his office over J. W. Crawford's Shoe store, opposite the tabernacle on Main street.

Miss Priscilla Cooper of the M. S. Tel & Tel. company left Sunday for Blackfoot, Idaho where she will visit for a while.

Hon. William Glasmann, of Ogden, will deliver a political address at the Hyrum opera house Thursday evening, August 22.

Mrs. Mary Smith of Frutti, Colorado came to Logan the last of the week to attend the funeral of her nephew Mr. LeRoy Smith.

Many fruit growers of Provo are strictly up against it for pickers. It is stated that two thousand additional hands could find employment in that locality.

Mr. Thomas Worley came home Saturday from Salt Lake City; Mr. F. G. Wilkinson returned with him, the trip being made in Mr. Wilkinson's auto.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sheppard, Mr. and Mrs. George Sheppard and Mrs. Jos. Sheppard of Salt Lake are in Logan having come to attend the funeral of Mr. LeRoy Smith.

According to reports from the west side, the hail storm last Saturday evening did considerable damage to standing wheat. Some have estimated a threshing of two bushels to the acre. If that figure be correct it means a total loss of many thousands of dollars throughout the valley. Fruit was not seriously damaged.

Behold our old friend Dave Roberts up in Logan, seeking the Republican nomination for judge in the First district. So far he hasn't any opposition and here's hoping he won't have. Dave has come back from Washington with his head crammed with law and back of that he has had wide experience in public service and a long record as a good roads advocate.—Goshwin's Weekly.

The largest crowd that ever attended a funeral in North Logan was that which assembled Sunday at 3:30 o'clock to pay last respects to a departed friend Mr. LeRoy Smith. Bishop J. H. Kemp was in charge of the services and the music was furnished by the choir. The opening hymns were, "God Moves In A Mysterious Way," and "I Need Thee Every Hour." Opening prayer was offered by Peter Larson. Consoling remarks were made by the following: Seth Gigan, Orson Smith, Jos. E. Quinney, Jr., Pres. Ballif and Bishop Kemp. All spoke of the good life he had lived and of being stricken when everything pointed to a bright and promising future. During the services, Miss Vilate Nyman accompanied by the choir, sang, "O Grave Where Is Thy Victory." A double quartette composed of eight little girls sang, "Face To Face." The benediction was offered by Christian Larson. The floral offerings were profuse and beautiful. About 85 vehicles followed the remains to its last resting place in the Logan cemetery.

THE "PROGRESSIVE" PARTY Is the individual, man or woman, who uses Foley Kidney Pills for backache, rheumatism, weak back, and other kidney and bladder irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are healing, strengthening, tonic, and quick to produce beneficial results. Contain no harmful drugs. Never sold in bulk. Put up in two sizes in sealed bottles. The genuine in a yellow package.—Co-operative Drug Co.

TO THE MEN AND WOMEN OF UTAH

A. C. Book Tells About The Higher Education in Industrial Science

The Agricultural College is sending out to the high schools of the state a special circular descriptive of the work of the institution as this appeals to high school graduates and upper classmen interested in advanced industrial science. This circular which is being placed in the mails today is prefaced by the statement: that of the nineteen million individuals in all the schools of the United States only one million are in high school, and only three hundred thirty thousand (less than 2 per cent) in college. Yet college trained men are leading the nation.

The booklet is called "Success and Education" and talks pertinently to the young man who aspires for higher things in education. Talking to this sort of person the booklet says: "Every young man who vows in his heart to fight a good fight and win, is face to face with the fact that he is a commodity of brain, of muscle, of sentiment. The higher his market value, the higher his returns in salary and in satisfaction. In 1912 the premium is on brain. Not crude, colossal, undeveloped; but crisp scientific, machine-like in accuracy and with resource and poise which no machine, however perfect, possesses. It is true that a small brain trained to high efficiency gets more work done than a larger capacity imperfectly trained. Give the young man of native brilliance the training and he illumines the world."

Concerning success the college has this to say to the young man who is ambitious. "Success is the hardest word in the English language to define. Yet there is no denying that in its highest form it is the result of intelligence, of character, of health. Now a college fails, which gives to the young men and women, who come to its halls, only one of these. I must put steel into the fibre of the mind; it must just as emphatically guide the greater things which we call character to higher and nobler planes; and it must keep in the veins of its men and women clean and pure blood. And withal red blood."

THE ORATOR WHO NEARLY LOST HIS PANTS

In the September American Magazine appears the following about a delegate at the Baltimore convention who made a speech:

"The crowd listened approvingly to a frenzied speech from a Southwestern statesman who introduced an entirely new gesture. With his right hand outstretched he made wild clutches at his shoulder with his left hand thumb. It turned out that this was no mere affectation to emphasize rhetoric, but that his 'galluses' were slipping. He remarked to a fellow delegate as he came down from the platform: 'I darn near lost my pants.'"

Value of a Man. The value of a man to the world is not measured by the wealth he possesses, or the business interests he directs. The world is poorer for the loss of the men who went down with the Titanic, not because a few of them were millionaires, or captains of industry, but because all of them were men, men with the heroism, the self-devotion, to help others—not their loved ones alone, but strangers—to safety, and then step calmly back to wait for death.

Poorer! Yes, but richer, too! It is not grief alone that brings tears to our eyes and lumps to our throats as we read the story, but pride and thankfulness, as well. There come times to most of us when, discouraged by someone's folly or weakness—perhaps our own—the world seems to us a sordid place, hardly worth saving. But we take heart again at every fresh revelation, such as this, of the divine in man.—Zion's Herald.

Dyspepsia is our national ailment. Burdock Blood Bitters is the national cure for it. It strengthens stomach membranes, promotes flow of digestive juices, purifies the blood, builds you up.

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WE BUY, sell and exchange all kinds of Household Furniture. Also repair furniture and stoves with despatch. Logan 2nd Hand Store. 11

Seventy-five young White Leghorn layers for sale in small groups or all together. Phone 373-z. a20

The Lighthouse Keeper

Every third month a broad-shouldered, squarely-built man promenaded along the quays of the little fishing village on the island of Pelworm. He was dressed in a black Prince Albert coat, white vest and stovepipe hat when he walked along the quays, but when he disappeared he took up his vocation of attending the lighthouse on Bishop's rock.

Why he had entered this branch of the government service I have never been able to find out. Now, at the age of forty-nine, he was filled with a horror of the sea, and the Prince Albert coat, which he wore during his week off, he put on as a protest against his work. Nothing gave him more pleasure than to be taken for a drummer Ziegler was his name.

"The sea is as smooth as a polished floor," he said to me one day when we were sitting together on the shore looking westward to where the lighthouse was dimly visible against the sky, "but the sea is treacherous."

Around Bishop's rock there are undertows, currents and eddies which nobody knows. Fortunately I have only one more winter to spend there, though it would be just like my luck if the old tower should blow down this winter in a storm from northwest."

He voiced the general opinion of the islanders. The former lighthouse had been swept away by the waves, and, although the new one had been standing for several years, every one knew that a fog-horn situated sixty feet above the rock had been carried away by the foaming waves during a stormy night.

Ziegler trembled and stood up. "Thank the Lord, I have only one more winter to spend out there," he said.

"And then?" I queried.

"Then I am to be transferred to the North Foreland lighthouse and will be able to live ashore with my wife and boy. By the way, I wanted to speak to you about Leopold. He will soon finish school, and what are we to do with him then? Come along home with me and have a chat with my wife and the boy."

Frau Ziegler was a red-cheeked, buxom matron, whom no one would suspect of morbid ideas, but she, nevertheless, shared her husband's horror of the sea.

"It seems a miracle that it has not blown down," she said, "for it looks to me like a challenge to God."

Then we talked about the boy and his prospects.

"I hope to meet you next year," I said when I left. "I shall call on you in your new home, Ziegler."

"If the lighthouse does not topple over this winter," he replied.

The lighthouse did not topple over that winter, but Ziegler was not transferred to North Foreland light. Two years passed before I returned. But one day in spring I once more visited the island, and my first walk took me through the little cemetery. A new tablet in the wall caught my eye. I read the inscription. It said that Ziegler had died the year before on Christmas night. Of his death the inscription gave no information.

I walked slowly toward the little fishing village and involuntarily I turned my steps toward the signal house on the cliff. I was so filled with thoughts of Ziegler that I was not at all surprised to find his wife there, staring toward the lighthouse as of old.

"I had heard nothing about it," I said as I shook her hand.

Then she told me how her husband disappeared.

On Christmas eve the light was to have been lit at four o'clock, but the minutes passed and at half past the Bishop's rock was still dark. On the island people realized that something had happened and the cutter was made clear.

Of the three men in the lighthouse only two were found. They said that Ziegler had taken the day watch while the other slept. He was to call them a little before four, but when they woke up it was dark and Ziegler was not about.

When they lit the light they saw that he had made an entry in the Journal at 3:40 that a schooner was in sight. They looked everywhere, finally descending the spiral stairway. The lower door was open. From this a narrow iron ladder led down to the little landing.

There was only one explanation. Ziegler must have gone out on the iron ladder, then stumbled and fallen into the sea.

This is what Frau Ziegler told me and I wondered why she should want to go on living here.

She shaded her eyes with her hand and stared across the sea.

"There is the cutter from the lighthouse," she said. "Come down to the harbor with me and shake hands with Leopold. He is third man on the Bishop now."

"You are surprised," she went on as she looked at me. "Do you remember that the last entry that Frederick made was about a schooner? That schooner went ashore on the rocks at half past five that Christmas eve. One man lost his life, the rest were saved. That man was drowned because my husband had not lit the light in time and that is why I gave my son instead. If the Bishop's light goes down this coming winter it is only a life for a life."

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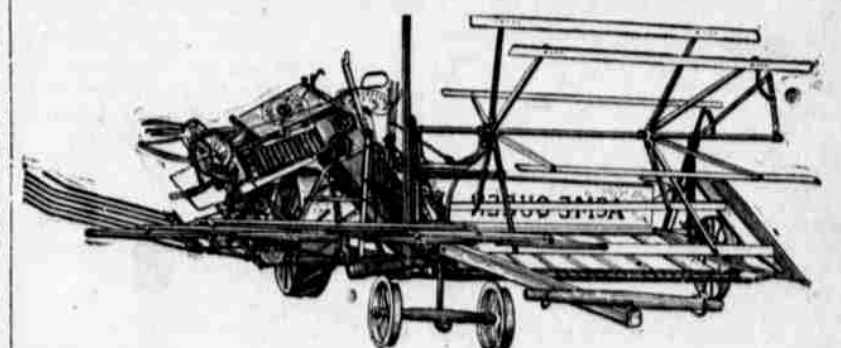
EDUCATION IS A SIMPLE MATTER OF BUSINESS

Because a man is a commodity of brains. The higher his market value the higher his returns in salary and satisfaction. Cache Valley contains thousands of men with native ability who will never get further than a clerk ship or roust about in a factory or mercantile establishment or farm because they have no knowledge to sell. What they know everybody knows. There are thousands in Cache Valley who have only a top dressing of education and yet they are drawing good salaries. Their intelligence is marketable. There are a hundred or more in Cache Valley who are trained to the minute. They know their business as a banker knows his records and a merchant his wares. And they own one-half the valley—these one hundred men. They may have got this training on the farm, in the shop, on the range, in business, or in college. It does not matter; they've got it. The important consideration is this: The modern college has become so practicalized that it is the quickest and surest way. This may not have been true twenty years ago but it is true today. Modern education has lost its sham and its pretense.

The Utah Agricultural College

at Logan illustrates much of the best in education. It begins its twenty-third year of service on Tuesday, September 24th.

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